

## Title Sequence

The first beams of morning light  
penetrate through the cab's  
window. She's almost certainly asleep  
in my bed. My best hope is to arrive before the sunlight creeps  
in and arouses her.

The old skyscrapers taunt me. I'm thinking about Mad Men  
again. Damnit Don,  
why couldn't you just be happy?

She's in my bed  
waiting and worrying.  
Asks where I've been, I  
don't say a thing. I  
lay down as the grey sun rises. She  
mistakes silence for anger.

Later she tells me:  
she thought I would beat her.  
As if that would ever cross my selfish mind.

No darling,

I didn't think of you (x3)

as I drank last night

as I fucked her

as I fell asleep

I only thought of myself

I only thought of myself

and Don Draper

and why he was such a fool

and why he couldn't love

And of all that damned

handsome melancholy

he held around his head

like a crown, like a beacon.

No darling, I

wasn't thinking about you. You

were just a weight

on the other side of the bed

that night. While I dreamed

of falling down black and white buildings

caught in some mad man's fantasy.

# Houseguests

Locked Laputia, Astray, Astray!

Golden-brown hair crown

Of course I knew her, of course I loved

Of course that crown consumed us both.

Brow-beaten anglophones upon the mantle-

to work we go today.

The yard is empty; the faces covered

I was marked as knowing.

Until the fire

consumed us both, consumed us both

Until the fire.

Laputia is now more somber, an all black affair.

I hold it well, knowing better than before.

It holds to be

Holding, holding

whichever holds the more-

Locked Laputia, Asrtay, Astray!

better than before



## Lord Guan picking the wrong battle

Defeating you will be pyrrhic at best,  
I'm known for my loyalty,  
you for switching sides,  
or maybe it's the other way around.

As I pin you to your lie  
on the corner, near South Shaanxi station,  
it's clear I'll be the one leaving  
head in hands; dying standing up.

I've read Three Kingdoms, I swear,  
you gracefully elocute my very obvious  
cycles of behavior. My position  
takes on water;

I'm retreating.

Wei always wins.

After all, honorable defeat's  
all Xuande ever had.

The old Cathay Theater



## Cruella- Review

Since she doesn't scare me

I suppose no Disney thing will.

There's some fashion world brilliance

for the twenty minutes where the

film gets into gear

shoves itself through the streets with full

hijinks

earns the "E" rating for "comic mischief".

She needed to kill the dogs;

she needed to be less redeemable.

Don cheats on Megan, Tony kill his

nephew, Barry the cop, Sheen the fisherwoman.

They cross the line.

Cruella doesn't.

Can we not handle women crossing the line?

Yet to be answered, but

certainly children can't handle it.

Look out for Scar's origin story next year

He spares Mufasa's life on four separate occasions.



## Mottled Dove

“Are we still married?”

as your exhausted ex-husband

pushes you up into a carriage, the last

of its kind, especially in Shanghai.

Imagine a chaise-and-four

navigating through Xintiandi.

Covered in enough makeup

to leave a man perpetually wondering.

Never seen in daylight, except for that one time:

where we biked from the bar to my

hole in the wall. And that hardly counts

because that hole in the wall is dingy,

and you almost got hit by a Tesla

while we drunkenly pedaled.

Obscured by smoke, blacklights, and afro-pop

dance tracks, dark hallways, rentable

phone chargers, texts

from whoever we were with prior

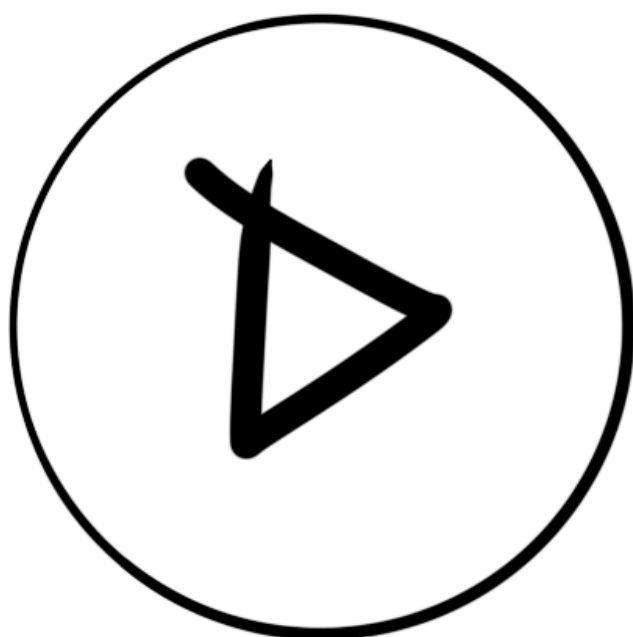
(something about a pony, towing a small carriage, galloping

down bike lanes of scooter traffic),

no one,

least of all you,

is sure whether you're still married.



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